



Kind Old Gent (to Child in infant School of Mixed Girls and Boys). "YOU ARE A LITTLE GIRL, AREN'T YOU?"
Child. "No, Sir."
K. O. G. "LITTLE BOY, THEN!"
Child. "No, Sir."
K. O. G. "THEN WHAT ARE YOU?"
Child. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, I AM A 'JUNIOR MIXED.'"

CONVERSATION IN THE COUNTRY.

At this season of the year a large proportion of our aristocracy are condemned by the laws of fashion to spend some months near dreary villages, quite remote from civilisation. Ordinarily, they will find themselves happily surrounded by a house-party of Londoners, with whom, of course, rational conversation is easy enough. But from time to time they may have to speak to one of the unhappy aboriginals, who live in the country all the year round, and to whom Hurlingham and Park Lane are quite unknown. How, then, are they to suit their conversation to their company? As a partial answer to this difficult question, Mr. Punch begs to supply them with the appended conversational openings. All of them have been tested in use by some of the leading members of Society, and the gratification they afford to the poor rustics is simply indescribable. Let us suppose, then, that the Londoner finds it necessary to converse with a farmer and the village postmistress. The following remarks will be found eminently suitable.

I.—WITH A FARMER.

1. Rippin' field of corn that is of yours! (N.B. If you are quite certain, you may substitute "oats," or "barley," or "wheat," for "corn." But be very careful.) Looks like a leader, doesn't it?
2. Suppose you have lots of dairymaids tripping about with stools, and all that, eh? Rum thing though, isn't it, that farmhouse butter is always beastly?
3. Jolly life you must have—almost envy you, 'pon my soul I do. Market-days, and harvest homes, and that sort of thing, you know. Suppose you don't go to bed sober more than once a week, do you?
4. Yes, fine sheep, those. Always buy New Zealand mutton myself—encourages the Colonies and JOE CHAMBERLAIN, and so on. Perhaps you haven't heard of him, though? He's a Member of Parliament.

II.—WITH THE VILLAGE POSTMISTRESS (For ladies' use).

1. I want a shilling's worth of penny stamps, please—that means, you give me twelve. Can you count them yourself, or would you like me to do it for you? I know you don't have the educational advantages of our London Board Schools here.

2. It must be so much more interesting to keep a post-office where you know all the people so well. You must quite want to read all the letters they post! Do you often take a peep at them?

3. And you have a shop, too, I see. Fancy keeping boots and bacon and sweets all in one poky little room! How very clever of you! But of course it would be much wiser, wouldn't it, for all the people to get down their things from the co-operative stores? I'm going to persuade the Squire to explain to them about this. No—only the stamps to-day, thank you. Good-morning.

A. C. D.

THE SPECULATOR TO HIS LOVE.

CLARISSA! do not deem it strange
 That in this temporary lull,
 When business on the Stock Exchange
 Is, truth to tell, extremely dull,
 My fleeting fancy should suggest
 A higher kind of interest.

For monetary matters pall,
 And at the present time I hate
 To seriously think at all
 Of stocks and shares that fluctuate;
 But when I turn to you, my own,
 My thoughts assume a steady tone.

Consols may fall, Home Railways rise,
 Industrials pay cent. per cent.,
 But I shall not express surprise
 At any unforeseen event;
 Let me forget, while I've the chance,
 The wild vagaries of finance.

A queen of womankind you are,
 And when to visit you I come,
 My spirits quickly rise from par
 To a substantial premium;
 I'm sure, CLARISSA, you must be
 A valuable security.

At times a weird and horrid dream
 Flits through my money-grubbing head,
 That somebody has got a scheme
 For rendering you "Limited";
 Just fancy, if they dared to float
 The only girl on whom I dote!

All your advantages would be
 In a prospectus then displayed,
 (The charm of your society
 Is quite sufficient stock in trade),
 And public enterprise would yearn,
 To take up such a safe concern.

But when the list was open, I
 Should leave my commonplace affairs,
 And, blowing the expense, apply
 For all the newly-issued shares;
 Oh, I sincerely hope, my pet,
 The full allotment I might get.

Enough! I'll drive these fancies hence,
 My agitation is absurd;
 While you display a preference
 All gloomy doubts may be deferred;
 You will, before the month is past,
 Be irredeemable at last!



He. "I THINK YOU MIGHT BE NICER TO BOUNDERSTON THAN YOU ARE. HE'S NOT A BAD SORT, REALLY, THOUGH HE IS RATHER A ROUGH DIAMOND."

She. "THAT'S JUST IT, DEAR; I THINK HE WANTS CUTTING."

FIFTY PER CENT.

["The Fife Coal Company have declared an interim dividend for the half year at the rate of 50 per cent. per annum. . . . The price of coal is still rising."—*Daily Paper*.]

COLD is the desolate hearth—the hearth that no longer is blest
With the light of the life-giving blaze, and the smoke in its
eddy rings—
Where Poverty, clutching her whimpering babe to her lean,
dry breast,
Croons as she cowers from the blast, and this is the song she
sings:

Hush, my little one, hush! Art hungry and cold and ill?
The poor man's nurse is hunger, and cold is his cradle still;
For this is the law of the land, that thou must learn to endure—
Fifty per cent. for the rich—hunger and cold for the poor.

Art thou alone in thy sorrow that thou alone shouldst wail?
Do not thy famishing brothers hunger and faint and fail?
Do not thy perishing sisters wither from want and care?
Thou too must bear the burden that they have learnt to bear.

Little one, great are the rich, but we are of commoner hue;
What are the lives of the many compared with the shares of the
few?

Is it not theirs to enjoy, ours to be dumb and endure?
Fifty per cent. for the rich—hunger and cold for the poor.

A COMIC SONG IN COMMON FORM.

"AND SO DID MR. BUNKER."

(As chortled by Mr. Leonidas Larrikin. N.B.—These Songs may be sung anywhere on payment of royalty. No composers wanted.)

ALTHOUGH a young man I'm a genuine "hub,"

And so is Mr. BUNKER.

I'm known at the Junior Bachelors' Club,

And so is Mr. BUNKER.

Our wives can't object to a lark now and then,

For boys will be boys and men must be men,

And at night I seldom come home before ten;

No more does Mr. BUNKER.

Yesterday I got home at a quarter-past three,

And so did Mr. BUNKER.

My wife said: "Is this your result of a spree,

Or that of Mr. BUNKER?"

In vain I declared I had been out to tea

At Exeter Hall with the good Y.M.C.,

I got snuff of the kind that is known as "rappee,"

And so did poor old BUNKER.

Now I am a fellow whose spirits don't flag,

No more do those of BUNKER.

In fact, I am known as a bit of a wag,

And so is gay old BUNKER.

When passing by Never-mind-what No., Grosvenor Square,

He said, "Just you ask if Lord JACKALL lives there."

I did, but the footmen such shoes shouldn't wear,

As I told my friend BUNKER.

I got a strange letter without any date,—

And so did my friend BUNKER,

Saying, "Meet me at VERRY's at, say—half-past eight"

(And so did Mr. BUNKER);

"This comes from a lady who loved you of yore."

"We'll be there!" cried old BUNKER, "this love to restore."

Well, we went; and we met, as we opened the door—

My wife and Mrs. BUNKER!

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

THE September number of *Blackwood's Magazine* contains, amongst much good matter, the concluding chapters of Captain HALDANE's narrative of his escape from Pretoria. This final instalment assures its position amongst the most moving episodes of the War. Once clear of the prison-house in Pretoria, in and under which Captain HALDANE and his two companions lived four months, they were by no means free from peril and privation. Good luck led them to the home of the English settlers who, earlier, sped WINSTON CHURCHILL over the last stage of his flight. A touching incident is told of one of these fine fellows, Mr. HOWARD, Manager of the Transvaal Delagoa Bay Company's Colliery. Hearing that three officers had escaped from Pretoria, he night after night sat at his piano, with the windows wide open, playing "God Save the Queen," so that any Englishman in distress, forlornly feeling his way to freedom, should know there was a friend at hand. Since the faithful troubadour signalled by song to the imprisoned Lion-heart, my Baronite has read of nothing so fine as this. Story? God bless you, Captain HALDANE has one to tell, and tells it admirably.

Readers of *Punch* will be glad to hear that Mr. ARROWSMITH republishes, in his Bristol Library, *A Bachelor Uncle's Diary*. Uitlanders who may have had the misfortune of missing the narrative in its original form, have provided for them opportunity of sharing auricular trials and sufferings described by Mr. FOX RUSSELL with sympathetic humour. *Max* and *Tommy* are delightful studies of the irrepressible boy. The little volume is illustrated by some clever sketches from the pencil of R. C. CARTER.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



MR. MUGGS' GROUSE MOOR. No. 3.

THE GUEST FROM LONDON, AND HIS MANNER OF SHOOTING.

THE CONTENTED MASTER-BUILDER.

WHY on earth do men strain every nerve to grow rich
Either fairly or foully, it matters not which?—
When with riches untold, as I sit in my chair,
I can fill all the castles I build in the air!

Why on earth should a sensible man set his heart
On attaining the rank of a lord or a "bart."?—
When a coronet freely I'm able to wear
In baronial castles I build in the air!

Now a peer may possess a great house, it is true,
A magnificent palace or castle, or two;
But no castle or palace of his can compare
To the wonderful castles I build in the air.

If I haven't an income like his to be spent,
I've no tenants demanding reduction of rent,
And no servants, no troubles, no bills for repair
Are attached to the castles I build in the air.

In his castle a peer entertains all his friends,
I should like to in mine—but, as some small amends,
Though I can't put up guests, I have someone to share
The delights of each castle I build in the air!

With ambition and pride and vulgarity filled,
A rich *parvenu*'s apt a new castle to build,
A pretentious, outrageous, expensive affair—
There are better and cheaper ones built in the air.

When his castle is built, and when all's said and done,
It can never be moved, and he only has one;
But that castle "is best and goes furthest," I swear,
Which can move where you will and is built in the air!

And however resplendent his castle may be,
He can't shift it at will from New York to Torquay,
From Uganda to Rome, from Peking to Hyères,
As I shift any castle I build in the air.

Then I've no mad ambition the Thames to ignite
By amassing a pile of unparalleled height,
And I stoutly decline to be hailed millionaire—
I should lose all the castles I've built in the air.

Any folks may be dukes or have riches who will,
Let my motto be "Poor, but a gentleman still!"—
I hold wealth a delusion and titles a snare,
And continue my castles to build in the air.

TOUCHING ETON RECORDS.

WOULD it not be well if certain up-to-date journals were to modify this sort of reporting? As for instance, "The collegians, who now number over one thousand souls, are busily engaged in their accustomed sports on flood and in field. The young noblemen and gentry at present assembled under the magisterial rule of Dr. WARRE seem quite up to the average of those scholars who competed with the Duke of WELLINGTON and Lord ROBERTS of Kandahar in the time-honoured playing fields."

"It is said that a silver tablet will shortly be affixed on the college pump, commemorating the fact that the Right Hon. the Earl of ROSEBURY on many occasions quaffed these icy waters, which are supposed to be derived from a source famous for its strawberry compresses. The handsome uniform of the college Volunteers, grey (reminding one of the author of the *Elegy* written in Stoke Pogis Churchyard), is pleasantly embellished with apple green. Not a few future Field-Marshal may lurk unknown under this scholastic militarism of garb."

ASTONISHING!

Original Impression.—My first idea of a secret night attack was something of this sort. The town fast asleep. Only the sentries on the alert. Search-lights in



every direction, to discover the approach of the dreaded torpedo boats. Where are they? Is that one? No, it is the steamer from Ostend. Ah, yonder! Ready with the quick-firing guns! No, stop! It's the night boat from Calais. Round go the search-lights! Suddenly, before anyone is aware what is happening, the torpedo boats appear in the Harbour, before the Promenade Pier, everywhere! In a moment they "open," and the castle and garrison are surrounded with flames of fire and clouds of smoke! Then all the guns from the shore answer, and glass breaks in every direction! The most exciting scene in the world! Splendid military dash! Superb marine strategy! Grand! grand! grand!

There! That was my impression of what a secret night attack would be like. Now for the reality.

Corrected Impression.—We are expecting to be attacked. For days the most excellent garrison have been "on the alert." Stories are going about that the chief warriors—all of them good men and true—have retired to rest in full uniform. The gunners have been particularly to the fore. Officers seem to have a perfectly Prussian love for their *grande tenue*.

It has been whispered that some torpedo boats are to make a dash into the harbour with a view to destroying the foreign vessels in port and certain extremely well-found yachts.

The day arrives. Six torpedo boats, after manœuvring about a little—going round in a ring like a circus—come to anchor a cable's length or thereabouts from the Promenade Pier.

The sun sinks and the light-boat marking "the Pier Works" becomes illuminated. The torpedo boats go to sleep. There is a twinkling light fore and aft on each black hull, and all else is silence.

Dawn breaks and the Commander-in-Chief, who has been passing the evening in one of the most comfortable hotels on

the south coast comes to the front and mounts his charger. The staff clatter after him. They are all prepared for "the secret attack." I have been keeping my eagle eye on the torpedo boats. They leisurely get up steam in the fast brightening daylight, and turn their backs upon the Promenade Pier. They ignore that army at the landing-stage. At daybreak the pier has been occupied by a dozen soldiers in scarlet tunics and slouch hats. The redcoats have sought cover behind a kiosk. But this wise precaution proves unnecessary. The torpedo boats, true to their mission to surprise someone, saunter away in a leisurely fashion towards the lightship. Their apathy is, indeed, astounding. They vanish slowly in a sea mist. Heads of gunners appear on all sides. We have been told to keep our windows open to save the panes of glass. The vibration of the cannon will crash everything of a brittle nature.

Hark! What was that? A popgun! No, a heavy piece of ordnance! The torpedo boats—strange to relate—have been observed, and our batteries are giving them shell. Of course, blank cartridge; but the moral effect is the same. The banging of the cannon increases, and the torpedo boats are evidently having a rough time of it. We have some noise and a fair amount of smoke. But it is scarcely my idea of a battle. No shell, no cannon balls, not even shouting.

Then, within half an hour or so of the commencement of the engagement, the torpedo boats saunter back to their original moorings, looking as if nothing had happened. I was never more surprised to see them in my life. But the Commander-in-Chief was entirely satisfied, and as he knows a great deal more about matters military than I do, I am satisfied too.

It may be that I was so astonished at what I saw, or rather didn't see, because I am not much of a soldier. And it is because I am not much of a soldier that I sign myself emphatically,

Dover, 1900.

NOT AN EXPERT.

BRAKE OR BREAK.

[MR. H. A. LEAVER, of West Ross, Glamorgan-shire, has just patented an automatic perambulator brake. What is wanted, however, is a bye-law to compel these machines to keep to the roadway like bicycles.]

A PERAMBULATOR brake
Of automatic make

Has by a Mr. LEAVER been invented,
That when the nursemaid's stop
To flirt or gawk or shop,
No babies spilt downhill need be lamented.

The name's appropriate—
A LEAVER up-to-date
Affords a lever to the infant leaver;
Her "pram" no more will bolt,
As frisky as a colt,
When SARAH JANE forgets to play retriever.

Well, I can only say
That if I had my way,
When walking-exercise I'm vainly trying,
Strong measures I would take
Effectually to break
These pavement-nuisances, and send them
flying! A. A. S.

LAID UP AT FOLKESTONE.

YEARS ago in the long lost past,
When we had but started the race,
And the time was true and the going fast,
And the novices made the pace,
Was there ever a bullfinch would stop our
way,

Or a bank or a ditch or wall?
The oldsters might think they could dodge
and stay,

But we went for a win or fall!
Years ago, in the bright old days,
Did we care for a sprain or bruise?
And our crocks, what matter if greys or
bays,

So long as they did not refuse?
Over the country with rattle and rush,
Right into the thick and the thin,
It was hurry along for the "red man's"
brush,
And good luck to the first man in.

Years ago! and I led the field,
Your pilot and cavalier,
Your cheery laughter my courage steeled,
For I knew that you had no fear.
I can see you now as you cleared the brook
On the day when the rest went round,
On my heart there is photographed that
glad look

As you cheered on each dripping hound!
Years ago! On these cockney Lees,
It seems but as yesterday,
And oh! for the smell of the midland breeze
Instead of the sharp salt spray.



Oh! for the burst of the pack in cry,
And a grip of the good old mare,
But you are being wheeled by a boy, and I
Am driving a donkey chair!

CRICKET. — Every match which is represented, pictorially, in one of our illustrated papers must inevitably be "a drawn match."



THE PILGRIM'S REST.

Pilgrim Kruger. "FAREWELL, A LONG FAREWELL, TO ALL MY GREATNESS! KRUGER'S 'OCCUPATION'S' GONE!"



OUR PARISH BAZAAR.

The Vicar's Little Daughter (to the Lyddy who cleans the Church). "WON'T YOU BUY A PACKET OF MY GOODIES, MRS. BLOBS?"
Mrs. Blobs. "WHY NO, THANK YER, MISSIE. I NEVER WERE A SWEET WOMAN!"

FROM NOR'-WESTERN LATITUDES.

ONCE upon a time I had a yacht, or rather a share in one with two partners. Did not the log of that voyage find full record in *Mr. Punch's* pages? I trow it did. On two other occasions I was a guest on board a yacht, one of a party of four. "Where is dat barty now?" What fun it was! What real enjoyment! Not one day alike. The month was August. The time of our meals varying from day to day according to the tune of our appetite. We were up uncommonly early, and were ravenous for tea and bread-and-butter. We tumbled overboard into a sail and bathed, and in another hour we were clamorous for breakfast. Such breakfasts! Such fish! Such coffee! Such everything! and such health, youth and spirits! Our appetite-clocks struck all three about the same time, and dinner was on table about sunset. Coffee and tobacco on deck; then all hands piped for a game of cards with accompaniments, or while two played cards a third played the piano, and all went merry as a marriage-bell. That was enjoyment! regular irregular go-as-you-please enjoyment.

Recalling all this, I gladly accepted a friend's offer to go aboard the *Dorinda*, the yacht on which he was a guest enjoying a cruise, and which was now for a day at anchor off Oban. I remembered our old yacht, the yacht of *We Three*, one hundred and sixty tons; a sailing craft. The *Dorinda*, I see is six hundred and fifty tons and has an equipment of forty men, captain and cook included. Everything spick and span as on a man-of-war; but no less spick and span was everything and everybody aboard *We Three*. The *Dorinda* is simply luxurious, a floating palace or club-house. *We Three* was simply comfortable bachelors' quarters at sea. On the *Dorinda* everything tells of

elegance, of the presence of ladies, of full evening dress, of parties, of balls, of small and large dances; in fact, of the Season-on-sea. If this be a holiday—well, it's not *my* idea of one. Why not bring out opera singers, and powdered footmen in livery, butler and major-domo? No, thank you. And then the rules and regulations all set forth, severely printed on large formal cards, and stuck up conspicuously in every cabin, as though you were on board a P. & O. steamer, where, of course, such rules and regulations are as essential as they are on a railway, or in a first-class hotel.

Is life worth living in holiday time if you have to be up every day at a certain time; awakened by bugle to breakfast at a fixed hour; to lunch ditto; to dress every evening, as if you were going to the opera or a dance, and then when "the sweetest morsel of the night" approaches, and you gather round a small table or two in the smoking-room on deck to talk, smoke, exchange experiences, tell and hear good stories and drain a cheery nightcap, to know that at some unearthly and unsealike hour such as 11.30 or 11.45 p.m. the electric light is to be inexorably turned out, and the *convives* have to follow the example of lights and to go out altogether, or one after another, to bed? Turn out and turn in. "Is life worth living," Mr. MALLOCK, if one is to be governed by martinetical rules in the holidays, and, it may be, court-martial'd for disobedience! Not so was it on board the dear old *We Three*. No gas nor electric light had we, only lamps; we smoked whenever we liked; so did the lamps. Did we think of turning in until we felt inclined, whenever that might be? No; we did as we liked, and that was our holiday. "Give me liberty!" as the country mouse observed after her brief sojourn with her town friend. If ever fortune favours me with a yacht, a steam yacht of any tonnage not less than one hundred-and-fifty, and at the same time provides me with the necessary motive power at the rate of a hundred guineas per ton, paid quarterly until I give the word to stop, then shall that yacht be called *Arline*. Why? Because *Arline* was *The Bohemian Girl* of a very superior type, who knew how to behave herself in the most trying circumstances; and also to signify that all the guests on board, having pledged themselves to the Skipper, should then best please him by thoroughly pleasing themselves.

The invitations would be in this form:—"Dear Duke, or Lord, or Mr., will you come on board the *Arline*? We start on such and such a date, from such and such a place, to proceed to "C," calling en route at "A" and "B." At "A" or "B" you can be debarqued if you wish to leave the vessel; *only you will kindly give notice of your wish when answering this letter*. The return voyage from "C" will be by "D," "E," "F," and "G." Should you wish to debarque at any one of these places, you will kindly notify the same in replying. Yours, &c., &c."

Having decided, there must be no *volte-face*. The man who, having accepted, fails, is never heard of again on my yachting list, whereon there is writ "no such word as 'fail'." Now that's my idea of how yachting should be conducted. "Once aboard the lugger," and the Rover's guests are as free as the Rover himself. "No cards." I mean, "no cards" of rules and regulations.

Scarcely have I finished this, and gone out for a row in the *Polly*, than I am halloed to by a robust, jovial-looking personage, a regular sea-dog, in a Captain's gig, four horsed—I mean six oared. "Hullo! Go aboard the *Cupidon*; I'll be back directly." 'Tis my old friend, Commodore BUNBURY. We, the skipper and his boy (I am the skipper), steer for the *Cupidon*. Captain greets us, smilingly. "Sir BENJAMIN will be back directly." Captain (cheerily, ho!) shows us all over the yacht. "Nothing," he says, "will give Sir BENJAMIN greater pleasure than to take us for a cruise." Sir BEN, the Commodore, returns. Heartiest of the hearty. I ask cautiously, "Have you any rules and regulations on board for guests?" "Rules and regulations be blowed!" he exclaims, almost doing a double hornpipe expressive of utter surprise. Then he says, "Look here, my boy!

You'll just do as you darned please. Catch me being under orders for 'Lights out,' and all that. Do as you please, dress as you like. A sharp appetite will keep you up to time. Come for a cruise." I accept; and on board the *Cupidon* 'tis genuine enjoyment, and a perfect holiday.

ABOARD THE "KAISER WILHELM DER GROSSE."

Was ho, meine Herzliche! I doubt if this be the correct translation of "What ho, my hearties!" but it may do to say at Bremerhaven when I ship myself all aboard of the great ship with the long name. What a name! The White Star and Cunard lines are satisfied with names of one word; the Union-Castle with two words. Why, then, four words? When the Norddeutscher Lloyd launches a new ship, longer and more luxurious if that be possible, she might be called *Seine Majestät Friedrich Wilhelm Victor Albert Deutscher Kaiser und König von Preussen*. With a little practice you might say this in one breath, as you say *Oceanic*.

I know but few English nautical expressions, and the meaning of even these is a mystery to me. But I might safely try some German nautical phrases, if I knew any, on a very short and very fat German landsman whom I meet the evening before our start.

In the hotel restaurant he seats himself, uninvited, at a table occupied by an American and myself, thereby showing himself ignorant of the customs of his own country. And further, also without invitation, he confides his private affairs to us. It is surprising to hear that he, a well-to-do man of five and thirty perhaps, has never seen the sea. He comes from Wiesbaden. But, he tells us proudly, he has been in steamers on the Rhine. We assure him the North Sea is much wider than the Rhine. We hold out to him the awful prospect of a gale on the next day, in which case he will embark up the river at Bremerhaven, go all the way to Cherbourg shut up in his cabin, crawl ashore in the harbour there, and never see the sea after all. But his round, rosy face, lit up by an interminable smile, is unclouded. He fears nothing. Though he speaks not a word of French or English, he is going to Paris for a week, and he wants to know if he can take a walk round Southampton while the ship stops there. He is a brave little man.

Why the Norddeutscher Lloyd should make us start by a train at 7.15 a.m. is best known to themselves. If it is done with the idea of catching the great ship at Bremerhaven it is useless, for she leaves just as the train arrives, and we pursue her on a tender to the open sea. We catch her up about eleven. A cup of coffee at 6.30 is a poor preparation for such a trip. The railway refreshment-room offers beer, but one does not much care for beer at 8.30 a.m., and we have all been assured that we shall breakfast at nine on the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*.

We do not. On the tender, also, there is nothing but beer, and perhaps a *Schinkenbrot* so very uninviting that we would rather starve than eat it. Only one person on board is contented. That is the little man from Wiesbaden. Wearing a straw hat with a bright green ribbon, and with the unalterable smile on his round face, he inspects everything. He drinks some of the beer; he even eats a *Schinkenbrot*. Finally he mounts to the bridge, and it seems to our exhausted eyes, as he stands next to the skipper, that this man who has never seen the sea is navigating our boat.

At last we reach the ship, and the hungry crowd hurries on board. But from that time forward we are famished no longer, and the Germans themselves cannot do justice to the noble repasts provided. The Americans at breakfast—which ranges from melon, through some thirty dishes, to buckwheat cakes—retire defeated. Only the round man from Wiesbaden is undaunted. He is first, and also last, at lunch, at dinner, and at breakfast. He indulges freely in the intermediate sandwiches, and biscuits, and coffee, and cups of *consommé*, lavishly provided, and he does himself very well in the way of wines



A RECIPROCATED SENTIMENT.

Farmer Giles (a parting admonition after a prolonged and painful castigation). "Now I 'OPE I WON'T KETCH YOU 'ERE AGAIN, YER YOUNG WARMINT!"

"I 'OPE YER WON'T, GUV'NOR!"

and beer. And he has still the same interminable smile on his cherubic face. Instead of his straw hat he wears a yachting cap of perfectly correct form, and carries a huge binocular. Wiesbaden has sent him forth regardless of expense.

If he were not such a bore, and did not speak so fast, with an accent, from Wiesbaden probably, and a slight stutter, we should like to ascertain what he thinks of the sea. But we are compelled to avoid him. Judging by his face, the ocean in general meets with his approval.

When I come on deck early in the morning I find him there already, smiling at the Isle of Wight, and critically examining Osborne House through his large binocular. I see him later on addressing pictorial post-cards, without which no German is happy. The next day Wiesbaden will know what a mighty ship has carried her adventurous citizen. Then I see him no more. If I had time to spare at Southampton, I should doubtless find in the High Street a green-ribboned straw hat, a large binocular, an interminable smile, and a round figure standing in front of the old gateway, or conversing affably, in the German language, with a puzzled policeman. H. D. B.

No Difference.

English Customer (to Manager of restaurant). I see, Signor MARASCHINO, that the American gentleman and his wife who have just left drank nothing but water with their dinner. Does that make much difference in their bill?

Signor Maraschino. Noting, Sir. They pay same as yourself and lady, who 'ave champagne. Oderwise, 'ow should we live?



A DILEMMA.

Driver of Terrified Pony. "PULL YOUR CONFOUNDED DOG AWAY, YOU SILLY IDIOT!"
Leader of playful Boarhound. "BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT MASTER TOLD ME PARTICULAR NOT TO CROSS 'IM, OR 'E MIGHT COLLAR ME!"

ARS LONGA, VITA BREVIS.

TAKEN FROM LIFE.

Mr. Swellings, the eminent Art patron (to rising young painter whom he has invited, at a friend's suggestion, to decorate the walls of his New West End Palace). Now what would you suggest here, Mr. MAHL? Something breezy and up to date, with a touch of the mashing order about it?

Mr. Mahl. What do you say to *Venus* rising from the sea?

Mr. Swellings. *Venus!* Yes, I should think that would do first class. I remember the burlesque at the Royalty when poor GUS HARRIS was the stage manager. And, now, for this space?

Mr. Mahl. How would you like *Andromeda*?

Mr. Swellings. ANN DROMEDARY? (With a chuckle) Might give me the hump, you know.

Mr. Mahl. No, no; *Andromeda*, who was chained to the rock.

Mr. Swellings. Chained to the rock was she? Bathing off the Nayland Rock at Margate, I suppose, in a high tide. Put Ann down, my boy! Now what about this long gap?

Mr. Mahl. Hum! in a bad light—wants some treatment of figures without much drapery.

Mr. Swellings. Amen, say I! Give it a name.

Mr. Mahl. How about the *Judgment of Paris*?

Mr. Swellings. The very button, old man; and don't forget the Bore de Boulone and the Eiffel Tower! Here's the last bit of blank wall.

Mr. Mahl. An oblong strip difficult of treatment, might be filled in with a group of Bacchantes.

Mr. Swellings. Back aunties! What the dickens are they?

Mr. Mahl. Bacchantes—persons more or less under the influence of the juice of the grape.

Mr. Swellings. Why not say tight. I twig what you mean—all rolling along, taking off one another's hats, eh?

Mr. Mahl. Precisely. I thought your appreciation of the classical would help us.

Mr. Swellings. I don't know much about the Classic Hall, but, Great Scott! I can appreciate a good Music Hall. Consider the order filed, Brother MAHL, at your own price.

Mr. Mahl (bowing low). The patronage of art is the prerogative of a Meccenas. [Exit.]

Mr. Swellings. Mess Scene Ass! What the deuce did he mean by that? Well! I wouldn't advise him to mess my walls, that's all—or he'll be the Mess Scene Ass.

[Roars with laughter at his own wit. Orders his couch and four.]

THE ORGAN THAT PLAYS IN THE STREET.

(A Ballade.)

THERE is hardly a thing that I fear;
 I'd encounter a ghost with the best,
 My courage would swiftly appear
 If danger should ever molest,
 Or burglary trouble my rest.
 I am brave—but I'm frightened to meet
 (Though I'm yards upon yards round the chest)

The organ that plays in the street.

It is not that my sensitive ear
 Is pained by the terrible pest
 Of the noise it produces (though here
 Let my Catholic taste be expressed).
 It is not that I get so depressed,
 Though myself I've found nothing to beat,
 As Christian Fortitude's test,
 The organ that plays in the street.

But it is that the tunes which I hear
 Are the same that augmented the zest
 With which in a previous year
 I did many things, being blest
 And beloved, and I'm terrified lest
 My reason abandon its seat,
 With memories saddened, obsessed
 By the organ that plays in the street.

Envoi.

Unlucky, I failed in my quest,
 A jilt was my Phyllida sweet,
 And I'm doubly and trebly distressed
 By the organ that plays in the street.

AN OLD FABLE RETOLD.

A GRASSHOPPER the summer through,
When days were warm and skies were blue,
And while the wind was in the south
Lived idly on from hand to mouth.
Where meadow grass stood thick and deep

All day she'd chirp, and dance and sleep.
But when the winds of autumn blew
And pierced and chilled her through and through,

Finding her nourishment grow scant
She went to beg of cousin ant,

Only to get, instead of bread,
Volumes of good advice instead.

"Why did you not" (said ant), "like me,"
Or like the meritorious bee,
Improve each shining hour and store
Your bursting larder more and more?
When summer suns were shining bright
Mole-like I burrowed out of sight;
The strength you wasted at the ball
I used huge grains of wheat to haul.
You chose, instead, to have your fling,
And sing all day—*now* go and sing;
And don't, because the weather's broke,
Come sponging round on thrifty folk!"

"Cousin," the grasshopper replied,
"What nature teaches wherefore chide;
An ant prefers all work no play—
A grasshopper's not built that way."

They part—the ant to seek its hoard,
Her cousin to the casual ward.
But going to the bank in haste,
Where all her savings she had placed,
The ant discovered, to her cost,
The bank was broken—all was lost.
Too old to start a hoard anew,
The workhouse was her refuge, too.

MORAL.

Think, ant, in spite of your laborious gleanings,
The word "improvident" has several meanings.

CAVE CANEM.

A REALLY astonishing dog story has come under my notice—one which contains an object-lesson (if anyone can find it—try, for yourselves, after reading this). That officers of all ranks should be able to learn caution from the sagacity of a dog will appear strange. But it is no exaggeration to assert this; it is a lie, pure and simple. Here is the story, in all its pristine beauty.

On April 1, a Lieutenant and party of Mounted Infantry were patrolling the country between *Muttonje Nek* and *Nee-rust Pubje* when a deerhound came bounding up to the Lieutenant from the direction of the Boers. He bowed to the officer, who at once saluted in reply. The two became great friends at once. The dog, with true canine sagacity, had evidently seen that the Boer cause was hopelessly lost, and took the first opportunity of



REAL GRATITUDE.

Tramp (to Chappie, who has given him a shilling). "I 'OPE AS 'OW SOME DAY, SIR, YOU MAY WANT A SHILLIN', AN' THAT I 'LL BE ABLE TO GIVE IT TO YER!"

coming over to the winning side. He followed the Lieutenant back to camp, and at once commenced to make himself useful.

All unsolicited, he immediately took charge of a ham belonging to his new master, and so altered the shape of it in ten minutes' time that the Lieutenant could hardly recognise it again. Then he turned his attention to a tin of sardines, after finishing which and drinking up the oil, he promptly retreated out of range of the Orderly's boot.

When this affair had blown over, some subtle instinct must have induced this wonderful dog to root out the Lieutenant's best parade trousers, and worry them so effectively that the unfortunate officer was ultimately obliged to exchange into a Highland regiment in order that he could appear amongst his fellows in a kilt,

improvised out of a tablecloth and a railway travelling rug. At the precise moment of the Lieutenant discovering his loss, the dog left, with a human foot in close proximity to his tail.

The moral of this is obvious—to all who can discover it.

NAME AND SITUATION.—THEATRICAL.—Grown on Two Roses—Mr. THOMAS THORNE. Only a face at the window—Mr. ED. PAYNE. Implies poultry farming—Mr. COLIN COOP. Unselfish, because after "I"—Miss ISABEL JAY. A melancholy bloom—Miss MOODY. A pink of courtesy—Mr. CHARLES MANNERS.

The new bridge over the Thames is to be the biggest in London. Mr. Punch therefore respectfully suggests that it should be called the Bridge of Size.



Irish Manervant (who has been requested by a guest to procure him a Blue-bottle for fishing purposes—returning from his quest). "IF YE PLAZE, SORR, WOULD A GREEN SODA-WATER BOTTLE BE WHAT YE'RE WANTIN'!"

THE MORAL BIKE.

Truth has discovered that temperance is promoted, and character generally reformed, by the agency of the bicycle—in fact, the guilty class has taken to cycling.

That is so. Go into any police-court, and you will find culprits in the dock who have not only taken to cycling but have also taken other people's cycles.

Ask any burglar among your acquaintance, and he will tell you that the term Safety Bicycle has a deeper and truer meaning for him, when, in pursuit of his vocation, he is anxious not to come in collision with the police.

Look, too, at the Scorcher on his Saturday afternoon exodus. Where could you have a more salient and striking example of pushfulness and determination to "get

there" over all obstacles? He is, in fact, an example of NIETZSCHE'S "Uebermensch," the Over-man who rides over any elderly pedestrian or negligible infant that may cross his path.

Then the Lady in Bloomers. She is a great reforming agent. She looks so unsightly, that if all her sisters were dressed like her flirtation would die out of the land and there would be no more cakes and ale.

Think also of all the virtues called into active exercise by one simple Puncture: Patience, while you spend an hour by the wayside five miles from anywhere; Self-control, when "swears, idle swears, you know not what they mean, swears from the depth of some divine despair rise in the heart and gather to the lips," as TENNYSON has so sympathetically put it; Fortitude, when you have to shoulder or

push the Moral Agent home; and a lot of other copy-book qualities.

Lastly, the adventurer who proceeds without a light within curfew hours, the Sportsman who steals a march on the side-walk, and the Novice who tries a fall with the first omnibus encountered—are all bright instances of British independence, and witnesses to Truth.

Truly, the bike is an excellent substitute for the treadmill and the reformatory!

HORACE IN LONDON.

CARMEN TUBULARE.

THERE are who sing of Breton seas
And bath-confections faintly *risquées*,
Or eulogise the genial breeze
That corrugates the Bay of Biscay;—

Others compel the panting mule
Up Rigi's over-peopled summit,
Or drop in Scylla's circling pool
The slightly agitated plummet;—

I know of patriots who take
On Margate sands a strong position;
They scorn (for England's honour's sake)
To view the Paris Exhibition;—

Some fly the World's entangling mesh
Within the hermit's sylvan closet;
Others (at Homburg) quell the Flesh
In point of adipose deposit;—

For me—the Poet in the Street—
Whose private tastes are not extensive,
Who only ask a cool retreat
At once refined and inexpensive;—

Whose homely fancies may not fly
Beyond the range of Sabbath leisure—
London! my London! 'tis from thy
Twopenny Tube I pluck my pleasure!

Ingenious puncture! where I ride
As in a rapt Elysian transit,
Breathing a climate rarefied,
(An artificial Zephyr fans it);—

Far from the crowd's ignoble strife,
The lust of greed, the claims of faction,
Here is the true sequestered life,
Developed by electric traction!

Unheard the tumult overhead,
The 'bus, the cab, the coster's barrow;
Just such a peace as wraps the dead
Reigns in the Town's secluded marrow.

And men may reach this blessed clime
By facile lifts at every station;
Not old Avernus, in its prime,
Had similar accommodation!

At last the "Underworld" is found
That painters paint and bards embellish,
Not like the other Underground
Which, as a rule, is simply hellish.

Friend, could we choose a fate below
Suited to any class of weather,
In such a tube we two should go
For twopence, all the time, together!

O. S.



A CHINESE PUZZLE.

SENTRY. "WHO GOES THERE?"

LI HUNG CHANG. "FRIEND! YOU KNOW ME VERY WELL—A FRIEND TO EVERYBODY!"

SENTRY. "H'M! GIVE THE COUNTERSIGN!"



SCENE—Verandah of Swiss Hotel.

Brown (finishing very lengthy account of Alpine adventure). "AND THEN, MISS JONES, THEN, JUST AS DAWN WAS BREAKING, I HEARD THE VOICES OF THE GUIDES ABOVE ME, AND I KNEW THAT I WAS SAVED—ACTUALLY SAVED! MY FEELINGS, AS I REALISED THIS, MAY BE MORE EASILY IMAGINED THAN DESCRIBED!"

Miss Jones (jervently). "THANK HEAVEN!"

[And Brown fondly imagined she was alluding to his escape.

RE THE GENERAL ELECTION.

Hints for Candidates and Agents.

BY A. BRIEFLESS JUNIOR,

Barrister-at-Law, late Candidate for numerous important forensic appointments.

EVERY day we get closer to that moment when we shall have to decide upon our Parliamentary representative. This being so, it is only natural that we should carefully consider the subject of treating and being treated. Taking myself as a sample man—a man very much in the street—I have felt no inclination to treat. But then I am no millionaire, not even when the capital is counted in coppers.

My learned friend Mr. R. C. RICHARDS,

Q.C., M.P., whose *Guide to Contested Elections* has been invaluable to me, gives the statutory definition as follows:—

"Any meat, drink, entertainment or provision to or for any person for the purpose of corruptly influencing that person or any other person to give or refrain from giving his vote at the election, or on account of such person or any other person having voted or refrained from voting or being about to vote or refrain from voting at such election, shall be guilty of treating."

As my learned friend justly observes, "the receiver of any meat, drink, &c., is equally guilty and liable to the same punishment as the person who treats or bribes." So the presentation of even a meat lozenge at election time may end in the most disastrous consequences.

"Treating the wives of electors, in order to influence their husbands to vote, is an offence." So he who would represent his fellow man in Parliament must avoid tête-à-tête lunches with the fellow man's wife. The law raises an objection to the practice. And here I may remark that the objection probably would be shared by the fellow man *quâ* husband.

Baron POLLOCK, in the St. George-in-the-East Election Petition, condemned the practice technically known as "standing drinks." His lordship expressed his regret that the candidate should frequent taverns to ingratiate himself. He even went so far as to suggest that it was a matter to deplore "that a candidate should ever be seen in a public house." He added, however, with a fine appreciation of the failing incident to human nature, "he should not be seen in the public house, except where it is absolutely necessary."

Of course, requisite refreshment should be obtained at second, not first, hand. But, of course, there may be cases where a visit to a tavern is "absolutely necessary"—say in very hot weather, and these exceptional cases Baron POLLOCK recognised.

"Candidates are bound by the actions of their agents, and consequently should be careful in their selection of their representatives." At Montgomery—although there was a division of forensic opinion—the judges seemed to consider that an agent who, when "in his cups," treated nearly everyone he came across was not a suitable person for selection. They laid it down "that the reprehensible selection ought to recoil upon those who had been guilty of such culpable carelessness."

Any right-thinking man will agree with the judges. A person who would "in his cups" treat anyone, might treat the competing candidate—a self-evident absurdity. Still, I can scarcely understand where the "influence" is manifest. To the best of my judgment, I am under the impression that an agent "in his cups" would find it difficult to explain a political policy with sufficient clearness to be understood. For instance, at this moment even a well-educated man would find it difficult—nay, almost impossible—"in his cups" to explain the Liberal programme.

At this point I break off, as what I have written should be carefully considered and serve as a foundation to a superstructure of self-evolved hints. Should the time arrive suddenly for a general election, then I can only advise an immediate recourse to my friend Mr. H. C. RICHARDS' excellent manual.

NOTE FROM OUR IRREPRESSIBLE ONE (still at large).—Q. Under what tree should a love-lorn swain write his sonnets?

A. The Sick-Amour.

[Scotland Yard communicated with.

THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MĪPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



THIRD FRAGMENT.

- | | | |
|--|--|---|
| <p>1. AND at the coming of the Ortūm-Sīsūn,
did begin the festival of the Dharāma.
2. When the Ākhta-manajahs
3. who had got all their heads turned,
did open their
4. houses,
5. the makers of speeches, in front of
the curtain
6. when they talked such
(two words unfortunately missing) about
how they loved all the boxes,
7. Also the dress-circle, and felt like
relations
8. while they pocketed the proceeds
9. how their heart-strings did twine
round these dwellers in suburbs
10. who didn't know them from Adām.
11. Then did the deadheads get their
clothes out of Camphor
12. and borrow a <i>Jhibus</i>, and the spaces
did fill up
13. they looked about as much
like the real thing
14. as well
15. And the chief of the Ākhtas was
Enri-ur-vin,
16. the master of mountings, the
trailer of hind legs,
17. the wearer of <i>pīnznehs</i>, eschewer of
hair-nets,</p> | <p>18. whose voice came from somewhere
19. concealed in the basement,
20. who lifted his eye-brows, and
stamped on the planking
21. in various places selected beforehand.
22. And his eyes came round slowly,
amidst great excitement,
23. and on their arrival a smile that was
fitful
24. crept over his features and a grunt
that meant something
25. relieved all the tension.
26. Then Bhīrb-ōm-Tāri who dwelt in
the market
27. where hay was so plentiful
28. did Er-majstis open; the master of
<i>mēh-kūp</i>
29. transformer of features
30. who swayed like the willow, and
spread like the eagle
31. stood full in the lime-light,
. . . well in the centre
32. he glided like magic
33. and made all their flesh creep.
34. And Jorjal-ekhs-Āndar who fancies
. rather
35. as kings and ambassadors
36. and middle-aged love-birds
37. and people of the tribe of the
Mhél-táukirehs</p> | <p>38. black-sheep with a pasture
39. in the street of the King his house
did he open.
40. And Wilz-ān-Barát he also to the
city returned
41. the wearer of <i>bhanguis</i>
42. the idol of Khōkniz,
43. the wearer of ball-dresses,
44. supposed to be Roman,
45. distinctly <i>dékoltéh</i>,
46. the barer of elbows.
47. Raised up on his <i>haihīls</i>
48. with a woman's <i>tiyárah</i>, in front of
his <i>koi-phūr</i>,
49. did he talk of
religion
50. (like Mahr-i-Karéli, the writer of
tablets,
51. who sought for seclusion but never
succeeded, who never could think how
things get in the papers).
52. The delight of the Deacons, and also
the sidesmen
53. who brought all their children and
sat in the circles
54. and saw things undreamt of
55. saw plays with a purpose, likewise
with a vengeance,
56. and it paid like
(Words undecipherable.)</p> |
|--|--|---|

WELSH RARE-BITS AT THE PALACE.—It is pleasant to note that the ever-indefatigable Mr. CHARLES MORTON—the great Refiner of Music-hall Sugar—has engaged Madame CLARA NOVELLO DAVIES and the Royal Welsh Ladies' Choir to appear

at the beautiful playhouse which Mr. D'OYLY CARTE built for English Opera. We all know that Taffy was a Welshman, and also a thief, and from what we hear from Paris, where they have been stealing the hearts of our neighbours, we learn

that the Misses TAFFY are also brigands. So we warn susceptible lovers of music that they will be in great danger next month. A great historical picture might be painted of Mr. MORTON Welsh harpoon-ing the souls of London.

A BAYARD FROM BENGAL.

Being some account of the Magnificent and Spanking Career of
Chunder Bindabun Ghosh, Esq., B.A. Cambridge.

BY BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.

Calcutta University.

(Author of "Jottings and Tittlings," &c., &c.)

CHAPTER I.

FROM CALCUTTA TO CAMBRIDGE: OVERSEA ROUTE.

At sea the stoutest stomach jerks,
Far, far away from native soil,
When Ocean's heaving waterworks
Burst out in Brobdignagian boil!

Stanza written at Sea, by H. B. J. (unpublished.)

THE waves of Neptune erected their seething and angry crests to incredible altitudes; overhead in fuliginous storm-clouds the thunder rumbled its terrific belows, and from time to time the ghastly flare of lightning illuminated the entire neighbourhood. The tempest howled like a lost dog through the cordage of the good ship *Rohilkund* (Capt. O. WILLIAMS), which lurched through the vasty deep as though overtaken by the drop too much.

At one moment her poop was pointed towards celestial regions; at another it aimed itself at the recesses of Davey Jones's locker; and such was the fury of the gale that only a paucity of the ship's passengers remained perpendicular, and Mr. CHUNDER BINDABUN GHOSH was recumbent on his beam end, prostrated by severe sickness, and hourly expecting to become initiated in the Great Secret.

Bitterly did he lament his hard lines in venturing upon the Black Water, to be snipped off in the flower of his adolescence, and never again to behold the beloved visages of his relations!

So heartrending were his tears and groans that they moved all on board, and Honble Mr. Commissioner COPSEY, who was returning on leave, kindly came to inquire the cause of such vociferous lachrymation.

"What is the matter, Baboo?" began the Commissioner in paternal tones. "Why are you kicking up the shindy of such a deuce's own hullabaloo?"

"Because, honble Sir," responded Mr. GHOSH, "I am in lively expectation that waters will rush in and extinguish my vital spark."

"Pooh!" said Mr. Commissioner, genially. "This is only the moiety of a gale, and there is not the slightest danger."

Having received this assurance, Mr. GHOSH's natural courage revived, and, coming up on deck, he braved the tempest with the cool composer of a cucumber, admonishing all his fellow-passengers that they were not to give way to panic, seeing that Death was the common lot of all, and, though everyone must die once, it was an experience that could not be repeated, with much philosophy of a similar kind which astonished many who had falsely supposed him to be a pusillanimous.

The remainder of the voyage was uneventful, and, soon after setting his feet on British territory, Mr. GHOSH became an alumnus and undergraduate of the *Alma Mater* of Cambridge.

I shall not attempt to relate at any great length the history of his collegiate career, because, being myself a graduate of Calcutta University, I am not, of course, proficient in the customs and etiquettes of any rival seminaries, and should probably make one or two trivial slips which would instantly be pounced and held up for derision by carping critics.

So I shall content myself with mentioning a few leading facts and incidents. Mr. GHOSH very soon wormed himself into the good graces of his fellow college boys, and his principal friend and *fidus Achates* was a young high-spirited aristocrat entitled Lord JACK JOLLY, the only son of an earl who had lately been promoted to the dignity of a baronetcy.

Lord JOLLY and Mr. GHOSH were soon as inseparable as a Damon and Pythoness, and, though no nabob to wallow in filthy

lucre, Mr. GHOSH gave frequent entertainments to his friends, who were hugely delighted by the elegance of his hospitality and the garrulity of his conversation.

Unfortunately the fame of these Barmecide feasts soon penetrated the ears of the College *gurus*, and Mr. GHOSH's Moolovee sent for him and severely reprimanded him for neglecting to study for his Littlego degree, and squandering his immense abilities and talents on mere guzzling.

Whereupon Mr. GHOSH shed tears of contrition, embracing the feet of his senile tutor, and promising that, if only he was restored to favour he would become more diligent in future.

And honourably did he fulfil this *nudum pactum*, for he became a most exemplary bookworm, burning his midnight candle at both ends in the endeavour to cram his mind with *belles lettres*.

But he was assailed by a temptation which I cannot forbear to chronicle. One evening as he was poring over his learned tomes, who should arrive but a deputation of prominent Cambridge boatmen and athletics, to entreat him to accept a stroke oar of the University eight in the forthcoming race with Oxford college!

This, as all aquatics will agree, was no small compliment—particularly to one who was so totally unversed in wielding the flashing oar. But the authorities had beheld him propelling a punt boat with marvellous dexterity by dint of a paddle, and, taking the length of his foot on that occasion, they had divined a Hercules and ardently desired him as a confederate.

Mr. GHOSH was profoundly moved: "College misters and friends," he said, "I welcome this invitation with a joyful and thankful heart, as an honour—not to this poor self, but to Young India. Nevertheless, I am compelled by *Dira Necessitas* to return the polite negative. Gladly I would help you to inflict crushing defeat upon our presumptuous foe, but 'I see a hand you cannot see that beckons me away; I hear a voice you cannot hear that wheezes 'Not to day'!' In other words, gentlemen, I am now actively engaged in the Titanic struggle to floor LITTLEGO. It is glorious to obtain a victory over Oxonian rivals, but, misters, there is an enemy it is still more glorious to pulverize, and that enemy is—one's self!"

The deputation then withdrew with falling crests, though unable to refrain from admiring the firmness and fortitude with which a mere Native student had nilled an invitation which to most European youths would have proved an irresistible attraction.

Nor did they cherish any resentment against Mr. GHOSH, even when, in the famous inter-collegiate race of that year from Hammersmith to Putney, Cambridge was ingloriously bumped, and Oxford won in a common canter.

(To be continued.)

MY HOLIDAY PÆAN.

How I love the silly season,	Gay and <i>debonnaire</i> I wander—
Dote upon the empty street,	Not a hum my thoughts to
And the lack of rhyme or	drown;
reason	All my holiday I squander
In the daily press's sheet,	In meandering up and down,
Full of yarns that 'twould be	Growing yet more fond and
treason	fonder
With a lack of warmth to	Of my dear deserted town.
greet.	Blessed sense of ease and
How I love my Piccadilly,	pleasure!
Or the Bond Street that I	Sweet security of street!
pace	Yarns of what sea-serpents
In a hat of cock or billy	measure
And in tweed's unstudied	To a decimal of feet!
grace,	London, you're a perfect
Which would meet the stare	treasure
that's chilly	When the House has left its
On the season's social face.	seat!



I AM so glad to find you in the old place," he said, with easy familiarity. "I have been looking for you all the week. Did you see my advertisement in the agony column of the *Standard*?"

"No, I didn't," she answered, very much elated at his cordial, earnest manner. "I never see the *Standard*."

"I advertised for a daily governess," he pursued.

"And you had nine hundred and ninety-nine answers?"

"Not quite so many, and, unfortunately, not the one I wanted."

"I wish I had seen it."

"Would you have answered it?"

"Of course I should. My bread-and-butter depends upon pupils. The more I have, the more butter I can put upon the bread."

"Do you know I have stayed in London on purpose to see you again? I ought to be paying visits in Scotland."

"Yes, you ought."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, that it is perfectly useless for Lord GARCHESTER'S eldest son to remain in London to make silly speeches to Miss CLARKE, a daily governess."

"How do you know I am Lord GARCHESTER'S son?"

"I was told so on very good authority. Is it not true?"

"Yes, it is true; but it is no reason why I should not enjoy the society of Miss CLARKE, since that is your name."

"It might turn the head of poor Miss CLARKE, who is friendless and penniless, and it can do you no good."

"Is your head so easily turned?"

"No, I don't think it is. I am glad to see you again, because

—well, because I am afraid you thought me rude the other day; and, if so, I apologise. But as for your presenting any danger to me; you don't, in the least."

"I am glad of that. Then you will dine with me to-night?"

"No, thank you."

"Why not?"

"Because it is unbecoming to accept hospitality which you cannot return," with a mocking smile.

"But I don't want you to return it."

"I know you don't. You would like me to be under an obligation to you."

"You must take me for a precious cad!"

"Not at all. I take you for what you are—an ordinary man of the world. Unfortunately, I am not of your world; so we cannot dine together."

"Yes, we can. I like to talk to you. You are hard and sarcastic, but I like those sort of women. I should be under an obligation to you, if you accepted."

"That I should also dislike, so you see it is impossible. Let us talk of something else."

"What is there to talk about?" rather huffily.

"Oh, lots of things. Your dog—where is he?"

"I left him at home in case we should dine together."

"A very useless precaution. What have you been doing all this week?"

"Looking for you. And you?"

"Oh, the usual teaching. My life never varies. But, somehow, I rather fancy a period of excitement is approaching."

"Am I the period of excitement?"

"Oh, no! You are quite out of my life. But I really think someone is falling in love with me—honestly in love."

"I congratulate you. Would it be a suitable match?"

"Very. There would be no fear of his looking down upon me."

"It is not the kitchen-maid's policeman of whom you were speaking the other day?"

"Oh, dear no! It is the father of two of my pupils. He has

lately paid me an amount of attention which it would be idle to attribute altogether to interest in his children's education."

"It does not sound tempting, to start life with another woman's children. How many are there?"

"Only two. The two little darlings you saw last Sunday."

"Are you fond of them?"

"Not in the least."

"All your affection goes to the father?"

"No, it doesn't. I don't care for him either."

"You are a very peculiar young person. Do you care for anybody?"

"Don't ask impertinent questions."

"I beg your pardon, but I must ask you another impertinent question. Shall you accept this ready-made family if it is offered you?"

"I have not yet made up my mind. Would you advise me to do so?"

"Not if you don't care for the man."

"I don't care for him, and I am sure I never should. Still, the change in position would be decidedly welcome. Of course, you cannot imagine the sort of life I lead. You meet me here, and find me an amiable subject to chaff, able to answer you in your own spirit, and I daresay you think I have a very jolly time. If so, you are very much mistaken. For the last three years, since my father died, I have never had one hour's enjoyment. It has all been hard, dull, grinding work, with a maximum of fatigue and a minimum of pay. I live in one poky little room in a street behind the Brompton Road, and I have the use of a sitting-room for my meals, but not to sit in. I never go to a theatre. I am too tired in the evening, even if I could afford it, and twice a year there come horrible holidays, when I have to pinch and screw more than ever to be able to pay my rent. Don't you think a widower, even with a hundred children, would be a better fate?"

"I suppose it would; still, you might meet someone you really liked—that would be better."

"It is not the least likely."

"You must let me take you to the theatre sometimes *en camarade*. If you will let me, I can make your life a little brighter."

"I scarcely see myself going to the theatre with you," she laughed. "This is my best dress," looking down at her plain black stuff dress.

"I might give you an evening dress for your birthday. Friends do that sort of thing. Will you let me be your friend?"

"I have never had any friends; I scarcely know what the term means."

"It means someone who likes you, and who is anxious to prove his friendship."

"My landlady has a daughter, who is engaged to be married. She speaks of her young man as 'my friend.'"

Then there was an awkward pause. Lord MARTIN had not the slightest intention of putting that sort of construction on his friendship. He was amused by this girl's absence of affectation and outspoken manner. He would readily do anything he could for her, and with no sinister motive; but there must be no question of marriage or engagement.

Presently Miss CLARKE broke the silence by saying: "I am afraid my remark has thrown a *douche* on your friendship?"

"Not at all," he answered smiling. "People can be friends without marrying each other."

"Of course they can," she said; "only, they must be of the same rank and position."

"Not necessarily."

"Yes, they must; otherwise the friendship becomes charity, or something even worse."

"Charity is not a bad thing. Are we not told that it covers a multitude of sins?"

"Yes, but I should not care to see it practised on me. I wish to be independent. It is about the only enjoyment I have."

"But surely you are dependent on the people who employ you?"

"Not more than they are upon me for their children's education. Of course, they might find other teachers; but, equally, I might find other pupils. My charges are not prohibitive!"

And so they continued to fence, he rapidly losing his heart to her, and she thoroughly amused at the novel sensation of an unconventional flirtation. When the time came for parting he again urged her to spend the evening with him, but ELIZA was firm, firmer even than she had been the Sunday before, and she would not even discuss the possibility of going to the theatre with him in the week, or of meeting him anywhere until the following Sunday, when they could resume their present innocent intercourse. And then, when she had left him and was face to face again with the dreary six days which must elapse before she saw him again, she almost regretted her uncompromising principles.

It would be such a treat to go and dine in a fashionable restaurant, to have a smart dress to wear, and finish the evening at a theatre. And she liked the man; he was kind and respectful now that he saw her true position. But, of course, it could lead to nothing. Regret, and possibly shame, would be the only sequel. At any rate, she had another Sunday to look forward to. Her life was not the total blank it had been; and then she began to doubt if he would be there again next Sunday. He had said that he should go into the country for the middle of the week, and not return till the following Saturday. Perhaps he would not return. He might meet some young lady of his own world who would fascinate him, and she would never see him again. That would be dreadful—or would it be better? She could not quite decide. Next Sunday she would ask him if he had ever been engaged. Men liked talking about themselves. She was sorry she had not asked him to-day.

In the course of the week, the period of excitement to which she had alluded showed signs of further development. Mr. NUTCOMBE now came regularly to the schoolroom when she was there, and took an increasing interest in his children's studies as well as Miss CLARKE's welfare. The seed-cake which had been occasionally offered her by his sister was now a recognised institution, and was supplemented by a glass of sherry. On one very wet day this hospitality was extended to an invitation to dinner, and on the invitation being refused he begged Miss CLARKE to accept the sum of two shillings for a cab fare to her next engagement. The two shillings was willingly accepted, ELIZA having, as I have already stated, a conviction that her services were miserably underpaid. The climax to these friendly attentions came towards the end of

the week, when Mr. NUTCOMBE, with a certain amount of good-natured pomposity, informed her that he had made arrangements for a Sunday expedition to the country.

"I am going to drive you and the children down to Kew Gardens," he said. "We mean to have a very jolly time."

The children clapped their hands, and showed unmistakable signs of satisfaction; but Miss CLARKE sadly shook her head. She was very sorry, but she had an engagement.

Mr. NUTCOMBE pooh-poohed the idea. "I have ordered the trap," he said; "and you cannot disappoint the children."

But Miss CLARKE was firm. Trap or no trap, she would not give up her meeting in the park with Lord MARTIN.

"It is quite impossible," she said hurriedly. "Some other Sunday, if you are kind enough to ask me."

"The days are drawing in; and, besides, I am not always free," he persisted, and his voice was a little shaky.

"I am sorry," said ELIZA, and she hastily pointed out two faults of spelling in REGGIE's dictation to change the conversation. But this ruse was not altogether successful. Mr. NUTCOMBE was only temporarily baffled.

"Very well," he said, rising and going towards the door. "Will you come and speak to me in the drawing-room before you leave? I have a few words I should like to say to you."

ELIZA bowed, and wondered what she was in for; and then, when he had gone, the children fell upon her with reproaches.

"You are horrid, Miss CLARKE. Papa won't go without you; and we shall have to go to church as usual, and learn the collect in the afternoon."

"We will go some other Sunday," said ELIZA indifferently. "Go on with your lessons."

When she found herself, a little later on, alone in the drawing-room with Mr. NUTCOMBE she was not left long in doubt as to his reasons for wishing to see her. He told her simply, and with very little show of emotion, that he wished her to become his wife, to replace the dead mother of his children to whom he had been so devotedly attached.

There was something comic, ELIZA thought, in the allusion to this attachment; but the moment was solemn, and mirth out of the question.

He told her that they knew little of each other, but that need be no drawback. He knew she gained her livelihood honourably, and as a hard-working girl, and he had no fear in entrusting his life's happiness to her. His children wanted a mother, and he wanted a companion, "and if you do not exactly love me now, you will probably learn to do so in time," he added.

It was all rather condescending and grandiose, and ELIZA never felt so uncomfortable in her life. When he had finished expatiating on his own merits, and the advantages the marriage would bestow on her, he paused for a reply.

"I am very flattered," she began. Penny novelettes had taught her that was the proper way of beginning, but she wasn't quite sure how to go on.

"You will try to love me?" he said, approaching her.

"Love ought to be spontaneous," she said, recoiling from him. "I am afraid I cannot marry you."

"You cannot marry me?" he repeated, rather aghast.

"No, it is impossible," she said simply.

"Then your affections are pledged elsewhere?"

"No, they are not," she said rather amused. "No one has ever asked me for them."

"Then, surely, you need only time to think it over to decide in my favour. I am not a young man, and I have buried a great love with my late dear wife, but I would make you a kind husband. You would never regret your choice."

"I am sure you would be kind to me. You have always been so, since first I made your acquaintance; but it would not be fair to marry you, as I do not love you."

"I daresay I have taken you by surprise. Will you think it over and give me a definite answer—say, in a week?"

"If you like—only, please don't come into the schoolroom in the meantime. It only disturbs the children in their studies."

"Your conditions are rather hard, but I will accept them."

"Thank you," she said, and she held out her hand. "Most girls in my position would jump at your offer, but if I feel I could not make you happy I think it would be dishonest of me to accept you." And then she left him.

When Sunday came she had all this to tell Lord MARTIN, and she watched him narrowly to see the effect of her story. He was interested of course, and a flush of pleasure spread over his face when she said she had declined the proposal. And then he had one to make to her, for he fancied that her refusal would not have been so emphatic if she had never met him in the park. Only, unfortunately, the word marriage did not enter into his little combination. What he offered was a house, to be her own, furnished as she liked, a fair income settled on her for life and the devotion of his whole existence. ELIZA was not offended at the insult offered her. She had never thought of him in connection with matrimony, and yet he fascinated her and she was more or less in love with him.

"It is a tempting offer," she said, with an almost imperceptible curl of her lip; "so tempting that you must give me a week, like Mr. NUTCOMBE, to think it over."

"Let the answer be Yes," he said.

"It will probably be No," she answered. "Give me an address, and I will write to you."

He gave her the address of his club, and within two or three days, sooner than he had expected, he received a letter from her. It contained only four words: "The answer is No."

ELIZA had battled with herself, and she had won a victory. It had been hard to do so, however, for she loved the man, and the life he offered her was tempting compared to the one she now lived. Evil counsels had suggested that she was friendless, that she had no relations to disgrace; but a better feeling prevailed.

"I should disgrace myself," she decided resolutely, and she sat down and wrote the letter. And then Mr. NUTCOMBE had to be dismissed in equally forcible terms. This was also hard, because she thereby lost two pupils and considerably diminished her income.

But the world is often hard—especially to the poor.

J. C. Philips.